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Ray's Daughter

BY (GENERAL) CHAS. KING, U.S.V.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—A party of cavalry recruits under charge of Corp. Connelly, en way to San Francisco, change cars at Ogden and are compelled to board an old, unused car. A refined young private, Foster, is one of the recruits. At Ogden Lieut. Stuyvesant boards the train and is struck with the beauty of a young female passenger. He tries to make her acquaintance, but is unsuccessful.

CHAPTER II.—Stuyvesant discovers she is Marion Ray, daughter of Col. Ray. He has an encounter with a drunken recruit, Murray, who swears revenge. Early next morning the old recruit car is discovered on fire, caused by heating of journal boxes, and the soldiers barely escape with their lives. Stuyvesant help rescue Murray, but is severely burned. Miss Ray helps tend the injured, including Stuyvesant. Foster, although injured, declares he is in need of no aid.

CHAPTER III.—Miss Ray leaves train at Sacramento. On arrival at Oakland Stuyvesant receives telegram saying Hollenbeck's commission awaits Foster at San Francisco. In looking him up it is discovered that he has disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.—Stuyvesant, attached to Gen. Vinton's staff, is questioned by one Gen. Drayton as to knowledge of Foster's whereabouts. Drayton shows him letter from old friend, Foster's uncle, telling of Foster's meeting with Miss Ray some time previous in Kentucky and his infatuation for her. Stuyvesant suggests looking for him in Sacramento.

CHAPTER V.—Murray, the unruly recruit, is discovered to be a deserter. Stuyvesant accidentally meets Lieut. Ray, brother of Miss Ray, at San Francisco. They accidentally speak of Foster, whom Ray knows, and he says his sister's determination not to marry outside the army must have caused Foster to enlist and endeavor to win the stripe.

CHAPTER VI.—Miss Ray, with her mother, comes to San Francisco, but Stuyvesant, although very anxious, has not the pleasure of meeting her. Lieut. Ray, while visiting them one evening, receives word that prisoners under his charge have escaped and his quarters have been robbed. When transport on which Stuyvesant sails is leaving harbor he, with party of officers, boards an escort steamer to bid friends farewell. Miss Ray is aboard and he is introduced. They speak, and he expresses hope of meeting her upon his return from Manila. She smilingly answers: "I think you may see me—before that."

CHAPTER VII.—It is learned Murray is one of escaped prisoners and that $1,000 is among Lieut. Ray's missing property.

CHAPTER VIII.—At Honolulu three soldiers are involved in a fight with three drunken sailors by a burly, flashily dressed stranger, a recent arrival on the islands. Recognizing Stuyvesant he hears of fight and from description identifies stranger as Murray, and discovers him while secretly attempting to leave for ship bound for Australia. A scuffle ensues in which Stuyvesant is severely stabbed.

CHAPTER IX.—Stuyvesant lingers between life and death at Honolulu for many weeks. Finally transport Sacramento arrives with Lieut. Ray on board and sister, the latter a Red Cross nurse, aboard. Stuyvesant tells doctors he is well enough to proceed to Manila with boat.

CHAPTER X.—He goes, but suffers serious relapse as a result. He improves toward end of trip; presence of Miss Ray proves a wonderful stimulant to him.

CHAPTER XI.—On arrival at Manila Miss Ray is invited to stay with old army friends, the Bresnans. Just before debarking she is taken down with a high fever. Stuyvesant is forced to remain aboard the ship for some time.

CHAPTER XII.—Miss Ray, whose pet name is Maidie, slowly convalesces at Col. Brent's home. A mysterious stranger calls several times to see her, but is never admitted. Stuyvesant calls one day with her guerrilla, he finally found on parade ground. She becomes very pale on seeing it. Before leaving, Stuyvesant picks up Maidie's revolver, lying on the table, and fits it in his pocket.

CHAPTER XIII.—One evening Stuyvesant hastily enters a native resort to escape a pestering officer of Patriotic Daughters of America, a rival to Red Cross organization. A number of soldiers and civilians are gathered and one of the latter immediately starts for the door, springs around the corner and disappears.

CHAPTER XIII.

Like many another man's that summer and autumn of '98, Mr. Gerard Stuyvesant's one overwhelming ambition had been to get on to Manila. The enforced sojourn at Honolulu had been, therefore, a bitter trial. He had reached at last the objective point of his soldier desires, and with all his heart now wished himself back on the Sacramento with one, at least—or was it at most?—of the Sacramento's passengers. The voyage had done much to speed his recovery. The cordial greeting extended by his general and comrade officers had gladdened his heart. Pleasant quarters on the breezy bay shore, daily drives, and, presently, gentle exercise in saddle had still further benefited him.

He had every assurance that Marion Ray's illness was not of an alarming nature, and that, soon as the fever had run its course, her convalescence would be rapid. He was measurably happy in the privilege of calling every day to ask for her, but speedily realized the poverty of oriental marts in the means wherewith to convey to the fair patient some tangible token of his constant devotion. Once, La Extremena displayed a keg of Malaga grapes duly powdered with cork, and several pounds of these did Stuyvesant levy upon forthwith, and, after being duly immersed in water and cooled in the ice chest, send them in dainty basket by a white-robed lackey, with an unimpeachable card bearing the legend "Mr. Gerard Stuyvesant, One Hundred and Sixth New York Infantry Volunteers," and much were they admired on arrival; but that was in the earlier days of Maidie's convalescence, and Dr. Frank shook his head. Grape seeds were perilous stuff, and Mrs. Brent knew they would not last until Maidie was well enough to enjoy them, and so—they did not.

Military duty for the staff was not exacting about Manila in the autumn days. It was the intermission. The Spanish war was over; the Filipino yet to come. There was abundant time for "love and sighing," and Stuyvesant did both, for there was no question the poor fellow had found his fate, and yet thought it trembling in the balance. Not one look or word of hers for him could Stuyvesant recall that was more winsome and kind than those bestowed on other men. Indeed, had he not seen with jealous eyes with what beaming cordiality and delight she had met and welcomed one or two young gallant who, having been comrades of Sandy in "the corps" at the Point, had found means to get out to the Sacramento, obviously to see her, just before that untimely illness claimed her for its own?

Farquhar of the cavalry, scion of a Philadelphia family well known to the Stuyvesants of Gotham and "trotting in the same class," had come over from department headquarters, where he had a billet as engineer officer, to call on Stuyvesant and to cheer him up and contribute to his convalescence, and did so after the manner of men, by talking on all manner of topics for nearly an hour and winding up by a dissertation on Billy Ray's pretty daughter and "Wally" Foster's infatuation. Farquhar said it was the general belief that Maidie liked Wally mighty well and would marry him were he only in the army. And Stuyvesant wondered how it was, in all the years he had known Farquhar and envied him his being a West Pointer and in the cavalry, he had never really discovered what a bore, what a wearisome ass, Farquhar could be.

Then just as Miss Ray was reported sitting up and soon to be able to "see her friends"—with what smiling significance did Mrs. Brent so assure him!—what should Stuyvesant's general do but select Stuyvesant himself to go on a voyage of discovery to Iloilo and beyond. The commanding general wanted a competent officer who spoke Spanish to make a certain line of investigation. He consulted Vinton. Vinton thought another voyage the very thing for Stuyvesant, and so suggested his name.

It sent the luckless Gothandite away just at the time of all others he most wished to remain. When he returned, within a dozen days, the first thing was to submit his written report, already prepared aboard ship. The next was to report himself in person at Col. Brent's, to be asked into the presence of the girl he loved and longed to see, and, as has been told, ushered out almost immediately, self-detailed, in search of Sandy.

He had found the lad easily enough, but not so the man with the fit, whom, for reasons of his own and from what he had seen and heard, Stuyvesant was most anxious to overtake. His carriage whirled him rapidly past the parade ground and over to the First Reserve hospital, whither he thought the victim had been borne, but no civilian, with or without fits, had recently been admitted.

Inquiry among convalescent patients and soldiers along the road without resulted at last in his finding one of the party that carried the stricken man from the field. He had come to, said the volunteer, before they had gone quarter of a mile, had soused his head in water at a hydrant, rested a minute, offered them a quarter for their trouble, buttoned up the light coat that had been torn open in his struggle, and nervously but positively declared himself all right and vastly obliged, had then hailed a passing carromatta, and been whisked away across the moat and drawbridge into the old city. There all trace was lost of him.

Baffled and troubled, Stuyvesant ordered his coachman to take him to the Luneta. The crowd had disappeared. The carriages were nearly all departed. The lights were twinkling here and there all over the placid bay. It was still nearly an hour to dinner-time at the general's mess, and he wished to be alone to think over matters, to hear the soothing plash and murmur of the little waves, and Stuyvesant vowed in his wrath and vexation that Satan himself must be managing his affairs, for, over and above the longed-for melody of the rhythmic waters, he was hailed by the buzz-saw stridencies of Miss Perkins, whose first words gave the lie to themselves.

"I'm all out of breath, and so het up runnin' after you I can't talk, but I was just bound to see you, an' I've been to your house so often the soldiers laugh at me. Those young men haven't any sense of decency or respect, but I'll teach 'em, and you see they'll sing another song. Where can we sit down?" continued the lady, her words chasing each other's heels in her breathless haste. "These lazy, worthless Spanish officers take every seat along here. Why, here! your carriage will do, an' I've got a thousand things to say!" ("Heaven be merciful," groaned Stuyvesant to himself.) "I saw you driving, and I told my cabman to catch you if he had to flog the hide off his horse. Come, aren't you—don't you want to sit down? I do, anyhow! There's no comfort in my cab. Here, I'll dismiss it now. You can just drop me on the way home, you know. I'm living down the Calle Real a few blocks this side of you. All the soldiers know me, and if they had their say it wouldn't be the stuck-up Red Cross that's flirting with doctors and living high on the dainties our folks sent over. The boys are all right. It's your generals that have ignored the P. D. A.'s, and I'll show 'em presently what a miss they've made. Wait till the papers get the letters I have written. But, say"—("And this is the woman I thought might be literary!" moaned Stuyvesant as he meekly followed to the little open carriage and, with a shiver, assisted his angular visitor to a seat.)

"A key!" she shouted, "A key, cochero! No quiere mas hoy. Manana! Ocho! Sabe, cochero? Ocho! Now don'tchewbe—what's late in their lingo, anyhow? 'Tisn't tardy, I know; that's afternoon. Tardeo? Thank you. Now—well, just sit down, first, lieutenant. You see we know how to address officers by their titles, if the Red Cross don't. I'd teach 'em to Mister me if I was an officer. Now, what I want to see you about first is this: Your general has put me off one way or another every time I've called this last two weeks. I've always treated him politely, but for some reason he'll never see me now, and yet they almost ran after me at first. Now, you can fix it easy enough, and you do it and you won't regret it. I only want him to listen to me three minutes, and that's little enough for anybody to ask. You do it, and I can do a good deal more for you than you think for, an' I will do it, too, if certain people don't treat me better. It's something you'll thank me for mightily later on, if you don't now. I've had my eyes open, lieutenant, an' I see things an' I hear things an' I know things you mighty little suspect."

"Pardon me, Miss Perkins," interposed Stuyvesant at this juncture, his nerves fairly twitching under the strain. "Let us get at the matters on which you wish to speak to me. Malate, cochero!" he called to the pygmy Filipino on the box. "I am greatly pressed for time," he added, as the carriage whirled away, the hoofs of the pony team flying like shuttles the instant the little scamps were headed homeward.

"Well, what I want mostly is to see the general. He's got influence with Gen. Drayton and I know it, and these Red Cross people have poisoned his ears. Everybody's ears seem to be just now against me and I can get no hearing whatever. Everything was all right at first. Everything was promised me and then, first one and then another, they all backed out, and I want to know why—I'm bound to know why, and they'd better come to me and make their peace now than wait until the papers and the P. D. A.'s get after 'em, as they will—you hear my words now—they will do just as soon as my letters reach the states. You're all right enough. I've told them how you helped with those poor boys of mine aboard the train. Bad way they'd been in if we hadn't been there, you and I. Why, I just canvassed that train till I got clothes and shoes for every one of those poor burned-out fellows, but there wouldn't anybody else have done it. And nursing?—you ought to have seen those boys come to thank me the day I went out to the Presidio, an' most cried—some of them did—said their own mothers couldn't have done more, and they'd do anything for me now. But when I went out to their camp at Pace their major just as much as ordered me away, and that little whippersnapper, Lieut. Ray, that I could take on my knee and spank—. He—Lieut. Ray—a friend of yours? Well, you may think he is, or you may be a friend of his, but I can tell you right here and now he's no friend, and you'll see he isn't. What's more, I hate to see an honest, high toned young gentleman just throwing himself away on people that can't appreciate him. I could tell you—"

"Stop, driver!" shouted Stuyvesant, unable longer to control himself. "Miss Perkins," he added, as the little coachman manfully struggled to bring his rushing team to a halt at the curb, "I have a call to make and am late. Tell my coachman where to take you and send him back to this corner. Good night, madam," and, gritting his teeth, out he sprang to the sidewalk.

It happened to be directly in front of one of those native resorts where, day and night, by dozens the swarthy little brown men gather about a billiard table with its center ornament of boxwood plus, betting on a game resembling the Yankee "pin pool" in everything but the possibility of fair play. Hovering about the entrance or on the outskirts of the swarm of men and boys, a dozen native women, some with babies in their arms and nearly all with cigars between their teeth, stood watching the play with absorbing interest.

The lamps had been lighted but a few minutes and the game was in full blast. Some stalwart soldiers, regulars from the Cuartel de Malate from down the street or the nipa barracks of the Dakotas and Idahos, were curiously studying the scene, making jovial and unstinted comment after their fearless democratic fashion, but sagely abstaining from trying their luck and not so sagely sampling the sizzling soda drinks held forth to them by tempting hands. Liquor the vendors dare not proffer—the provost marshal's people had forbidden that—and only at the licensed bars in town or by bribery and stealth in the outlying suburbs could the natives dispose of the villainous "bino" with which at times the unwary and unaccustomed American was overcome.

Three or four men in civilian dress, that somehow smacked of the sea, as did their muttered, low-toned talk, huddled together at the corner post, furtively eying the laughing soldiers and occasionally peering up and down the darkened street. It was not the place Stuyvesant would have chosen to leave his carriage, but it was a case of any port in a storm—anything to escape that awful woman. With one quick spring he was out of the vehicle and into the midst of the group on the narrow sidewalk before he noticed them at all, but not before they saw him. Even as Miss Perkins threw forward a would-be grasping

ONE OF THE GROUP IN CIVILIAN DRESS GAVE A SUDDEN, INSTANT START.

and detaining hand and called him by name, one of the group in civilian dress gave sudden, instant start, sprang round the corner, but, tripping on some obstacle, sprawled full length on the hard stone pavement. Despite the violence of the fall, which wrung from him a fierce curse, the man was up in a second, away and out of sight in a twinkling.

"Go on!" shouted Stuyvesant, impatiently, imperiously, to his coachman, as, never caring what street he took, he too darted around the same corner, and his tall, white form vanished on the track of the civilian.

But the sound of the heavy fall, the muttered curse, and the sudden question in the nearest group: "What's wrong with Sackett?" had reached Miss Perkins' ears, for while once more the little team was speeding swiftly away, the strident voice of the lone passenger was uplifted in excited hail to the coachman to stop. And here the Filipino demonstrated to the uttermost that the amenities of civilization were yet undreamed of in his darkened intellect—as between the orders of the man and the demands of the woman he obeyed the former. Deaf, even to that awful voice, he drove furiously on until brought up standing by the bayonets of the patrol in front of the English club, and in a fury of denunciation and quiver of mingled wrath and excitement, Miss Perkins tumbled out into the arms of an amazed and disgusted sergeant, and demanded that he come at once to arrest a vile thief and deserter.

(To be continued.)

Czolgosz Sentenced.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 26.—Justice White this afternoon sentenced Leon F. Czolgosz to death at Auburn prison during the week of October 28. The assassin of President McKinley received the sentence standing, with his hand on the back of a chair. He had meant to make an address to the court, but his voice failed him and he could only struggle through a few words in a tone so low that they did not reach Justice White, and each answer had to be repeated by the counsel.

It was five minutes before the convening of court when the assassin was brought in. He looked better than on Tuesday. His hair had been trimmed by the jail barber and he had been shaved. A new shirt, white, with a dark stripe in it, was furnished to him by the sheriff, and his blue bow had been replaced with one of water-blue silk, tied four-in hand fashion in a turn-over collar. He had scrubbed his face well, and two red spots shone on his cheeks. But he was nervous and his left hand visited his coat pocket from time to time, brought out the handkerchief and wiped his face.

Judge Titus and Carlton Ladd, of the counsel, sat with him. Judge Lewis was not in court.

The session in court to day lasted eleven minutes. Justice White took the bench at 2.02 o'clock, and the crier announced: "Pursuant to a recess, this trial term of the supreme court is now open for the transaction of business."

District Attorney Penny said: "If your honor please, I move sentence in the case of the People vs. Leon Czolgosz. Stand up, Czolgosz."

Clerk Fisher swore the prisoner, and his record was taken by the district attorney, as follows:

Age, 28 years; nativity, Detroit; residence, Broadway, Nowaks, Buffalo; occupation, laborer; single; degree of education, common school and parochial; religious instruction, Catholic; parents, father living, mother dead; temperate or intemperate, temperate; former conviction of crime, none.

The clerk of the court asked: "Have you any legal cause to show why the sentence of the court should not now be pronounced against you?"

The prisoner did not reply, and Justice White, addressing the prisoner, said:

"In that behalf, what you have a right to say relates explicitly to the subject in hand here at this time, and which the law provides, why sentence should not now be pronounced against you, and is defined by the statute.

"The first is that you may claim that you are insane.

"The next is that you have good cause to offer either in arrest of the judgment about to be pronounced against you or for a new trial. Those are the grounds specified by the statute in which you have a right to speak at this time, and you are at perfect liberty to do so if you wish."

Justice White then said: "Have you (speaking to Judge Titus) anything to say in behalf of the prisoner at this time?"

"I have nothing to say within the defination of what your honor has read," replied the attorney, "but it seems to me, in order that the innocent should not suffer by this defeudant's crime, the court should permit him to exculpate at least his father, brother and sisters."

From the court: "Certainly, if that is the object of any statement he wishes to make, proceed."

The prisoner then said: "There was no one else but me. No one else told me to do it, and no one paid me to do it. I was not told anything about that crime, and I never thought anything about murder until a couple of days before I committed the crime."

Then Justice White passed sentence as follows:

"In taking the life of our beloved president you committed a crime which shocked and outraged the moral sense of the civilized world. You have confessed that guilt, and after learning all that at this time can be learned from the facts and circumstances of the case, twelve good jurors have pronounced you guilty and have found you guilty of murder in the first degree.

"You have said, according to the testimony of creditable witnesses and yourself, that no other person aided or abetted you in the commission of this terrible act. God grant it may be so. The penalty for the crime for which you stand convicted is fixed by the statute, and it now becomes my duty to pronounce this judgment against you:

"The sentence of the court is that in the week beginning October 28, 1901, at the manner and means prescribed by law, you suffer the punishment of death.

"Remove the prisoner."

The crowd filed out of the court room and court adjourned at 2.26.

The death warrant, signed by Justice White, is addressed to the agent and warden of Auburn state prison, and directs him to execute the sentence of the court within the walls of the prison on some day during the week beginning October 28 next, by causing "to pass through the body of the said Leon F. Czolgosz a current of electricity of sufficient intensity to cause death, and that the application of the said current of electricity be continued until he, the said Leon F. Czolgosz, be dead."

Czolgosz was taken to Auburn on the 9.30 o'clock train over the New York Central to night. Those who gathered at the railway station to see the prisoner were disappointed. In spite of the sheriff's precaution, it became known that this train was to be used. A private day coach was sent down on the New York Central tracks north of the Terrace station, and within two hundred feet of the jail. Czolgosz, surrounded by fifteen deputy sheriffs, was hustled across lots to the car. The curtains of the car windows were drawn, the doors were guarded and the prisoner was shackled to his seat and to one of the deputies, who sat beside him. The car was attached to the regular 9.30 train. Sheriff Caldwell was personally in charge of the prisoner. The train is due at Auburn at 2 12 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Arrangements have been made to conduct the prisoner to the death cell direct. GlobeDemocrat.

CZOLGOSZ TURNS COWARD.

AUBURN, N. Y., Sept. 27.—Czolgosz, who murdered President McKinley and was sentenced, was received in the prison at 3.33 this morning. He was in custody of sheriff Samuel Caldwell and Jailer George M. Mitchell, of Erie county, and their deputies, acting in conjunction with the Auburn prison authorities. Czolgosz, after being led through a vindictive mob assembled at the prison gate bent on doing him injury, utterly collapsed and was dragged shrieking to his cell. In spite of all his former bravado, it was shown that Czolgosz at heart is an abject coward.—Globe-Democrat.

Don't forget to pay your subscription.

Quick Work With the Assassin.

The Czolgosz trial, which closed last week in Buffalo, subserved all the ends of justice. It gave the assassin a fair opportunity to say anything for himself in the way of extenuation or defense which he could think of. It was conducted in an orderly way throughout. It met the popular demand for a prompt and speedy completion of the whole deplorable and humiliating episode. Public opinion insisted on these things, and its voice has been heeded by the law officers in Buffalo. About eight and a half hours was the actual trial time of the assassin between his first arrangement and his conviction. President McKinley was shot on September 6. He died on September 14. The assassin's trial began on September 23. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree on September 24. On September 26 the death sentence was pronounced.

All this compares favorably with the procedure in the previous assassination of a president of the United States. President Garfield was shot by Guiteau on July 2, 1881. He died on September 19. Guiteau's trial began on November 14. He was convicted on January 25, 1882. He was sentenced to death on February 4. He was hanged on June 30. Sixty-six days passed between Garfield's death and the beginning of Guiteau's trial. One hundred and thirty-eight days elapsed between Garfield's death and the sentence of his murderer, as compared with twelve days in the case of Czolgosz. Just two hundred and eighty-four days passed between the death of Garfield and the execution of his assassin. The execution in the Czolgosz case will follow the crime far more speedily than this.

Moreover, the disgusting harangues and interruptions by the prisoner in the Guiteau instance were conspicuously absent in the present affair. Czolgosz attempted nothing of the sort, and if he had attempted it he would undoubtedly have been promptly suppressed. The delays, the irrelevancies and the general exasperations and indecencies of the trial of Garfield's assassin were averted in the case of the present miscreant.

There was, of course, in the Czolgosz case a need for promptness and decisiveness which was absent from the Guiteau affair. President Garfield's assassin was an isolated lunatic with murderous intentions. President McKinley's murderer is one of a gang of miscreants which are found in every large city in the United States. Some of these may have been in collusion with Czolgosz. All of them sympathize with him. There was less necessity for quick punishment as a deterrent in the earlier affair than there is now, for there was nobody in particular, so far as the public see, to deter then. But in the present instance there are thousands of miscreants in the country at large who belong to the same brood as the Buffalo assassin. All of them would be willing to repeat his crime if they imagined there was any chance for them to escape with their lives. Nearly all of them are, like Czolgosz, cowards when death confronts them, though they are all ready to take the life of another when opportunity offers. The example of the speed with which the punishment follows the crime in the present case will have a good influence. It will show the vipers whom society supports that society can strike quickly and mercilessly at the hands which are raised against it.—Globe-Democrat.